

44

The Kit-Cat CLUBS LAMENTATION,

For the Loss of

The Pope, the Devil and the Pretender,
That were taken into Custody on *Saturday* last by the *Secretary of State*.

Written by Jacob Door-holder to that Society.

A Las! and Well-a-day! our Hopes are lost;
Our Expectations and our Projects crost:
While we are call'd a Pack of Fools and Ninnies,
For thus expending our departed Guineas.
Time was when we were lookt upon as Sages,
Fit to be Canoniz'd by future Ages,
For Wit, for Judgment, and Sence renown'd;
As with Success our factious Schemes were crown'd:
But now that Time unluckily is past
And we **SEDITIONOUS PATRIOTS** look aghast,
Since our abortive Insolence miscarries
In our three * Patrons at the *Secretaries*.
For tho' Confessions like to this seem odd,
We still adore the D--il for our G--d,
And would the Peoples Liberties surrender,
To introduce the P---pe and the Pr - -er,
Whatever our Pretences were, to gain
Upon their Credit, in another strain.

* i. e. Pope, Devil,
and Pretender.

O DARTMOUTH, by thy means we're all undone
And rendred Comfortless each Mother's Son;
For we must speak this Trutk in our Distress,
The Dev'l a jot we valued old Queen Bess,
But with her Memory play'd Cat in Pan,
As we have always done with good Queen ANNE:
Who finding out the Projects we were raising,
Has lately sent us all from Court a Grazing.
Our Landlord therefore that hangs out her † Arms,
May let our Velvet Room on any Terms;
For now Pretender, Devil, and Pope are gone,
'Tis Justice that we after them should run.

† Queens-Arms in the
Pall-mall, where the
Club was kept.

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